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THE SKETCH, MARCH 19, 1941

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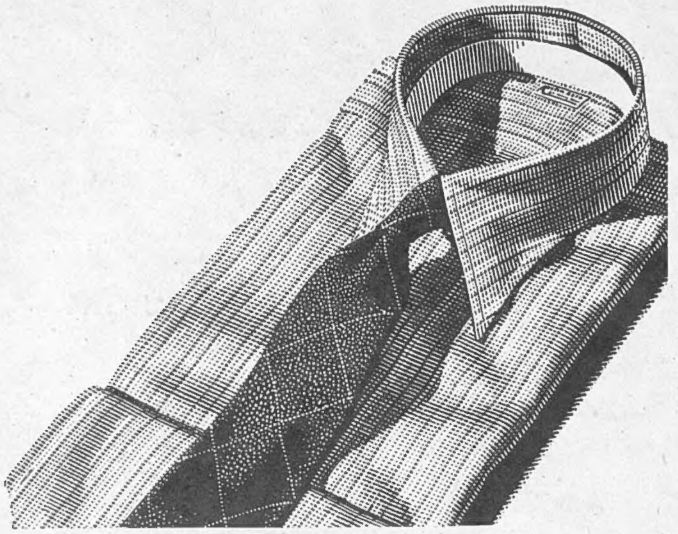

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The Smiths

prefer patriotism

Mr. Smith: I've just got the estimate for that job we were going to have done.

Mrs. Smith: Not too expensive, I hope?

Mr. Smith: It's very reasonable; but I hate to disappoint you, dear. I've come to the conclusion this is one of those things that ought not to be done in war time.

Mrs. Smith: Oh, how depressing! And I'd set my heart on it, too.

Mr. Smith: I know you had; so had I. But it would have used up material and labour which will be much better employed in helping to win the war.

Mrs. Smith: But we've been saving up for it for such a long time. After all it isn't as if we haven't done our bit. We've both got our full ration of Savings Certificates. Surely . . . .

Mr. Smith: I know, old girl, but that's not enough. While Hitler's still on the warpath we mustn't spend on anything we can do without. I think we should go on helping to bring victory nearer by putting this money into Defence Bonds. They're a pretty good proposition, pay a steady 3% and are always worth what you gave for them.

Mrs. Smith: Then we can carry out our little scheme after the war?

Mr. Smith: . . . . and be able to make a jolly sight better job of it, too!

Mrs. Smith: That'll be marvellous. Darling, I think you're right. After what you've said, perhaps I *wouldn't* feel happy about spending that money at the present time.

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The Sketch

No. 2512—Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1941. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COBURN.

EMMA HAMILTON AND HER SAILOR LOVER.

Alexander Korda's spectacular screen version of the famous romance of Emma Hamilton and Horatio Nelson, our greatest admiral, was recently completed in Hollywood, with VIVIEN LEIGH *and her husband,* LAURENCE OLIVIER, *who have now returned to this country, in the leading rôles. Further stills from this important picture are given on other pages.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Feet of Clay. That pride of our nation, the Civil Service, has been coming under fire lately. First of all a Noble Lord arises in wrath and says that our Civil Service—so polite, so patient, so unhurried, so calm, " so outwardly self-effacing "—is nothing but a " seething mass of well-trained gentlemen of leisure grabbing after power." " Take no responsibility " is the motto of our bureaucrats (said Lord Perry), and so you have a vast system running the country (and certainly running Parliament) on that most dangerous principle, power without responsibility. These our rulers (it was asserted) are, by hypothesis, unambitious men, or they would not resign themselves to the limited scope, in exchange for security, of a Civil Servant's life; give them a routine job to do, and they will execute it in " a leisurely, unimaginative and prescribed manner " ; but face them with a task of national urgency, and they are quite incapable of thinking except on stereotyped lines.

" Now, Charles, are you QUITE *certain you have nothing magnetic about you?"*

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Mum 's the Word. On top of this, the Civil Service, or at least one member of it, has raised quite a hullabaloo by bursting into somewhat controversial history. It is questioned whether members of a traditionally anonymous service should suddenly turn on twelve-inch, double-sided Black Records of very loud, not to say raucous, tone. It is argued that the proper and predestined place for a Civil Servant is in the background, and that if he is once allowed to come down to the footlights, the front of the stage will be crowded with performers whom the public never paid to see, and frankly would rather not see. If the Civil Servant claims that supreme privilege of anonymity—namely, that the blame never falls on him, but on his Minister—then the price he has to pay for that advantage is silence. It is his boss who has to do the talking, before a critical or even an angry House of Commons. For the subordinate, let silence ever continue to be golden.

Wheels Within Wheels. One of the penalties of that silence is that the Civil Servant, unlike the " very dangerous beast," cannot defend himself when attacked ; if he could, I dare say he could return a very spirited answer to Lord Perry. But I am quite certain that what Lord Perry has said is what millions of people have been thinking ever since this war began, and what they think increasingly every day that it continues. The country is full of people who want to get on with the war—whose duty it is, indeed, to get on with the war ; and every day they groan and writhe under the delays, the pedantries, the rivalries and the pettinesses of these multiplying Ministries, Departments, Boards and Commissions, whose whole policy seems to be to place obstacles in the way of getting on with the job. Business men throughout the country are wringing their hands at the paralysis which is forced on them. It is perfectly true that the whole tradition of the Civil Service is to pass the buck ; after all, the Civil Servant is not allowed to take the responsibility, even if he wants to—it is not his function ; and every official you appoint is only another step added to the long, dark, winding stair which leads—oh, so wearily !—to ultimate accomplishment. It seems to me that we are in danger of adding innumerable wheels and cogs to the engine, and devoting a great deal of attention and ingenuity to every part of the machine *except the driver*.

My Aunt ! Things, you may say, have come to a pretty pass when the world-famous British Civil Service is openly attacked—and in the House of Lords, of all places !—and told that it is P.B.N.B.G. (You don't know that one ? I learned it from a certain Commanding Officer who used to attach it, like an Honorary Degree, to the names of some of his subalterns. It stands for : " Polite But No Bluepencil Good.") But these war days are days of Pretty Passes. Do my eyes deceive me, or do I read that London theatres are to be open on Sundays ? My only comment is—what *would* my dear old Sainted Aunt have said ? As a matter of fact, I know what she would have said—she would have been quite eloquent about a bogy which haunted her all her life, called the Continental Sunday. It makes me feel very venerable when this sort of thing happens ; for I can remember a day when it was not considered quite decent to do anything whatever on the Sabbath except lapse into inertia, and when tennis and such worldly games were played only by open rebels against piety and respectability. It is those wicked, wicked films which were the Thin End of the Wedge—my Sainted Aunt always said that One Thing would Lead to Another ! She was right, as usual ; it is a habit that Things have. Another peculiarity of them is that they are Not What They Were. They never were, of course. You may have noticed it.

The Perfect Guest. Far be it from me to fall short of the sacred laws of hospitality or ever to shut the door in the face of the houseless stranger. Any time you are passing, drop in and share a carrot with us, and let us pledge each other in a beaker of nice, chlorinated water from the tap. But there are one or two things I would ask of you which have *not* been sufficiently observed by several visitors to my humble roof lately. In the first place, *say when you are arriving*. Do, please, remember that it is not very convenient for your hostess to be uncertain whether there is an extra mouth to feed for luncheon or dinner. For the same reason, *say when you are going*—believe me, it makes a difference to the domestic economy, and there is some absurd social inhibition which prevents a host or hostess saying to a guest : " Now, when exactly are we to have the inexpressible pain of parting ? " In the third place, don't expect me to

" Garn ! You couldn't draw a Jerry's attention to an 'orspital ! "

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

come down and meet you at the station. The theoretical and the actual times of the arrivals of trains are a striking example of Relativity, and life, as you may have heard, is short. And finally, if you can possibly do so, bring a ration-card, and don't expect either the Lord or the ravens to provide for you. If no ration-card, than a few oddments of food should be part of your luggage; and if you can bring an onion or a pound of cheese, you will be a very welcome guest indeed.

Doves and Serpents.

We poor old British have, in our time, been called lions, asses, foxes and even snakes-in-the-grass; but never before, until the pretty conceit occurred to a Japanese statesman, have we been called snake's eggs. It appears that Japan is a dove, a dear, little, innocent, cooing dove. She has, for example, been cooing in China for quite a long time, and she is doing a nice little coo—not, of course, to be confused with a *coo d'état*—round the dovecotes of Indo-China and Thailand. We—God forgive us!—are apparently eggs, of the most innocent appearance, insinuated into the Japanese nest, and when we are hatched, we turn out to be, not doves, and not even cuckoos, but vipers. That 's a nice sort of trick to play on friendly, dove-like Powers, isn't it? In remotest infancy, I seem to remember that in Christmas crackers you sometimes came across little packets of things called "snake's eggs." You did not eat them (except at the peril of your life), but threw them on to water, when they suddenly burst into flame and smoke, and ran about executing rapid and rather alarming manœuvres. It is an analogy which it might be worth Japan's while to keep in mind. There are a number of snake's eggs of this kind in U.S.A., as well as among the British generation of vipers.

Cabbages and Things.

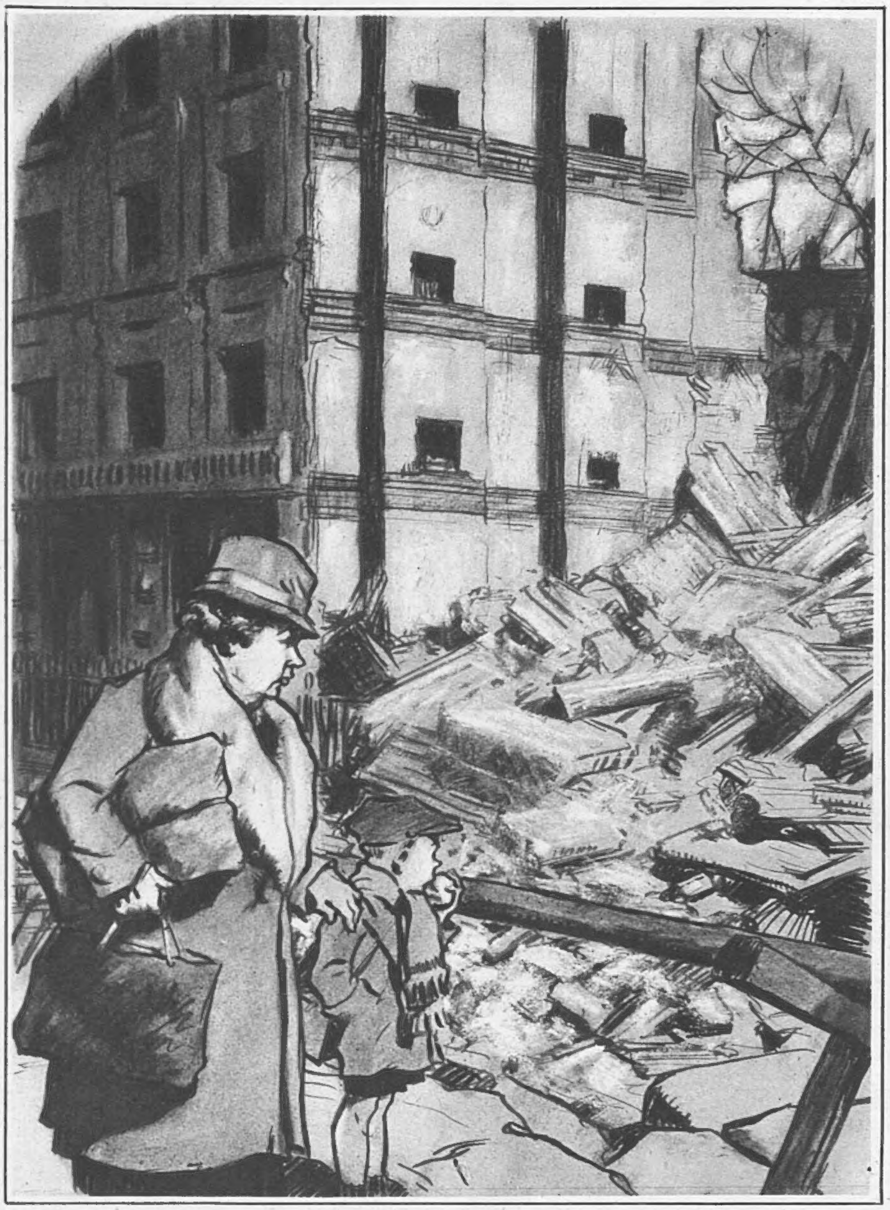
Another infantile memory comes back to me. It is a snatch of a comic song (songs were *consciously* comic in those days), presumably of Transatlantic origin, and it went like this—

"Sauerkraut, it 's bully,
I dell you it is fine!
I dink I ought to know it, 'cos
I eats it all de dime!"

No man can say fairer than that! It is a little humiliating that we should have to fall back on foodstuffs of enemy origin, but I see a good deal about sauerkraut in the papers nowadays. I know little of the substance, except that it is reputed to have a rich aroma and that it requires a powerful constitution—something of strong, Aryan, Nordic quality—to assimilate it. Try it, and when you have recovered consciousness, let me know how you got on. Meanwhile, may I recommend the soya bean to you? This remarkable vegetable, as you probably know, can be turned into anything, from coal-scuttles to motor-car bodies; but it is also highly nutritious food, containing a percentage of calories which I refrain from mentioning, partly because you would think I was exaggerating and partly because I can't remember it. Anyhow, you may take it that one soya bean contains ten times the nourishment, and one per cent. of the indigestion, of a heaped plate of sauerkraut. If you are lucky, you can occasionally come across soya beans in tins. Try one for breakfast—you won't need anything else for the rest of the day, and your wife will love you more than ever.

Cathartic.

So they have been having another little Purge in Moscow. Really, they do seem to suffer a good deal from Sluggish Liver and Stubborn Colon over there, don't they? Perhaps it 's the climate. Perhaps it 's too much caviar and vodka—but I forgot, they are reserved, of course, for Commissars. And Mme. Molotov among those who have been summoned to the Orderly Room! It has come to something when a Minister for Foreign Affairs has to go to the Big Shot and say: "Joe, *I* can't do anything with her; perhaps *you 'd* better have a word with her!" I don't think we had better adopt this system in England; it might give rise to some embarrassing situations. Well, they have all been warned. If they are good little boys and girls, they will beg the party for a prosecution and publish long confessions of their sins against the Revolution and implore the Court to shoot them all at dawn. I don't think we had better adopt that system, either; it might be too great a temptation, even to the most humane of juries.



"Don't throw that orange peel about. It 's dangerous!"
DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

The Rough and the Smooth.

The following advertisement, which caught my eye recently, moved me deeply. "Elderly gentleman . . . offers 2 rooms and use of other rooms in his furnished house, rent free, to lady having one or two children, in return for hearing their voices. Also some attention in the way of ration-getting, etc., when required. Woman engaged for rough work." One can only sympathise with this victim of solitude, and commend his faith in human nature; I am sure it is only a *nice* elderly gentleman who would thus desire the sound of young voices. But is it cynical to ask—doesn't something depend on the *kind* of young voices? There are times when their piping tones are as the music of little angels, and other times when they speak with the accents of little—human beings! However, I suppose elderly gentlemen—and, indeed, all of us—must take the rough with the smooth. And that reminds me: I don't quite understand the distinction which the advertiser draws between ration-getting and "rough work." Has anybody yet found ration-getting *smooth* work?

Night Mustn't Fall.

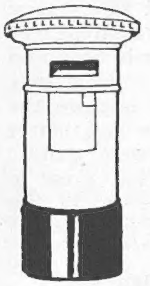
It is now officially announced that, in June, dusk will fall at 11.30 p.m. This is going rather far, isn't it? I thought that sort of thing only happened up in the Arctic Circle. It opens up all sorts of questions. Will one be able to play a round of golf after dinner? Will anybody ever go to bed before midnight? Shall I be expected to go out on Black-Out Patrol in the early hours of the morning? (If so, there is going to be insubordination in the A.R.P. service.) When will the chickens go to roost, and will they be crowing at lunch-time? These liberties with Nature can be carried too far. I said before, and I say again, what *would* my dear old Sainted Aunt have said?

They Never Forget.

What was it the French used to call the English soldiers in the time of Joan of Arc (*vide* "Saint Joan")? Gojjams, was it? Well, the Gojjams have taken Jumbo. Very creditable, no doubt, but is it quite wise? I hope the War Office realises that Elephants Never Forget.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—I don't know whether it is the cold weather or old age creeping on which makes me forget *words.* For years now I have been unable to remember names, and whenever I see an introduction looming ahead my blood freezes with horror. Once I forgot Lady B.'s name, and since then, in her kindly way, she has introduced herself whenever necessary. On another occasion I escaped an impending introduction by clapping my handkerchief to my face and hurrying away, giving the impression that my nose was bleeding, but you can't get away with that sort of thing more than once or twice a year at most.

Just before the war, when Faith was giving one of her grand Bridge Parties, she got me to stand at the door with a list of the guests' names in alphabetical order, and the numbers of the tables they were to play at. Right at the beginning of the party I was seized with a sort of paralysis of the brain which continued throughout the evening, so that I could only mutter, "What is your name?" in a hangdog way to each arriving guest. As most of them had either wheeled me in my pram or been wheeled by me, it created a good deal of ill feeling. Some of the jollier ones, who had worked up the party spirit, and thought I was trying to be funny, replied humorously, "Greta Garbo," or "the Aga Khan," or "N or M"; but this, although adding to the gaiety of the evening, didn't really help me much. Faith said she would never ask me to help at a Bridge Party again, and really I couldn't have cared less, though, of course, I didn't tell her so.

"'What is your name?'"

But this forgetting of *words* is quite a new complication in my life. Charles says it is senile decay, or possibly the Invasion. In the middle of an ordinary sentence in an ordinary conversation with somebody, such as Charles, who does not alarm me in any way, suddenly—whizz! The word has gone!

Charles looks up and sees me staring at him with my mouth open, and says kindly, "Well, what was it you went down the street to get?"
"I can't remember the word."
"Was it something to eat?"
"No, no. Something to read."
"A newspaper?"
"No, *no*! One of those square things." (I make square gestures with my hands.)
"*Square* things?"
"Yes. I got it at the library."
"Oh, you mean *book.*"
"Yes. Book." (Charles and I fall back in our chairs exhausted.)

Yesterday I was talking to Faith about an old man who stayed at the Hotel one summer and used to sit on the edge of the cliff playing the flute.
"He was a nice old man," I said, "but rather——"
"Rather what?" said Faith, with deep interest, thinking it must be a word so improper that I found difficulty in uttering it.
"Rather——"
"Go on, Henrietta. After all, you've known me a good many years."
"Rather . . . I can't remember the word, Faith."
"Well, what does it mean?"
"Sort of odd."
"Peculiar?" said Faith, but I could see she was losing interest, so I left it at that and went home, the lost word nagging at me like an aching tooth. Suddenly, while I was having tea, like a blinding flash from Heaven, the word came to me. I rushed to the telephone.

"Faith!" I said breathlessly. "That word was 'eccentric'!"
"Was it?" said Faith, who was not as excited and pleased as I hoped she would be. "I should have thought you would be more likely to remember it than most people."

Mrs. Savernack came round yesterday looking very worked up, but ten years younger. She pressed a damp, cold parcel into my hand and appeared almost too moved to speak.
"What is it?" I said.
Mrs. Savernack gulped. "Meat for Perry," she said in a strangled voice.

I threw my arms round her neck and we mingled our tears. Then a dreadful thought struck me. She has had some sheep billeted on her in one of her fields for the last fortnight, and more than once Charles has remarked that whenever he goes to the see Mr. Savernack, who has influenza, Mrs. Savernack, rendered desperate by the sufferings of her dogs, is to be seen standing at the window, staring out hungrily and fingering her gun.

"Used to sit on the edge of the cliff playing the flute."

I drew away from her and looked searchingly into her face, where the tears were not yet dry. "Where did you get it?" I said.
"It's all right, Henrietta," she said. "It's horse."
"Not Gertrude?" I said, in a hushed whisper.
"No, not *my* horse — just horse. The dogs like it all right, but it makes 'em smell a bit."

I couldn't wait for Charles to come home to lunch, so I rang him up at his surgery. "I've got wonderful news for you," I said.
"Is the war over?" said Charles hopefully.
"No. But I've got some meat for Perry."
"You haven't!"
"I have! It's horse. Mrs. Savernack says it makes them smell a bit."
"Well, Perry never has been what you might call an Attar of Roses."
"No. I don't suppose we shall notice much difference."
"Horrid little dog!" said Charles with deep affection, and rang off.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"We mingled our tears."

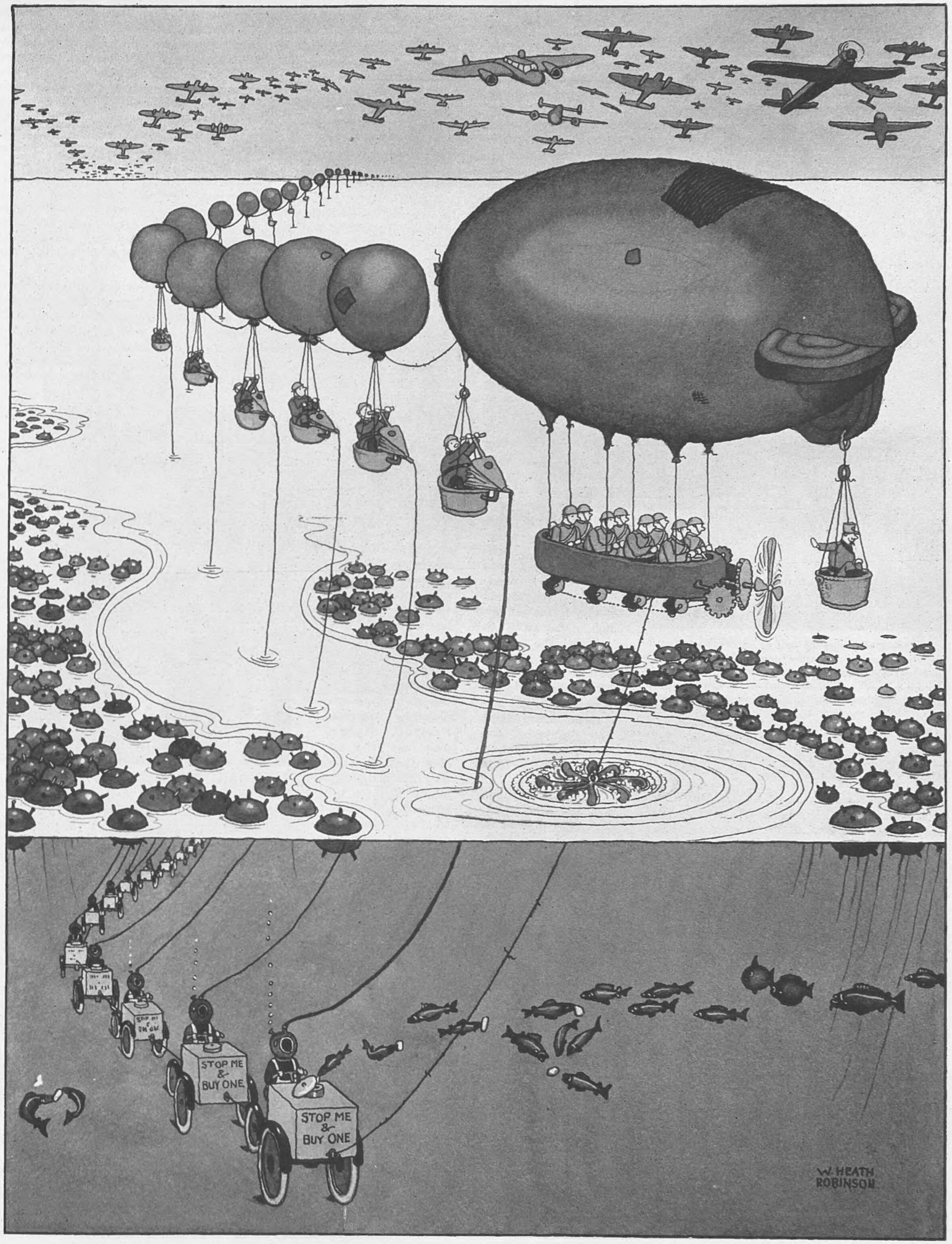
" Your friend has all the looks ! "
" 'E 'as ! AND all the luck ! "

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.

A PIG IN CLOVER.

Mr. Roger North, Norfolk barrister and farmer, considers that a pet pig should be introduced into every household to fill the nation's larder. He stated that pigs should oust dogs from British homes, at any rate during the war, and added: "Sows are so companionable, and there isn't a cleaner animal anywhere."



"MARE NOSTRUM"!

This week W. Heath Robinson reveals how a remarkable and most heroic attempt was made by the Italians to convoy light refreshments to their troops through a minefield in the Mediterranean—escorted by fighter aircraft.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THE Prime Minister of "THE PRIME MINISTER," at Warner's Theatre this week, is not the one that most people will expect from the title, but Benjamin Disraeli. Or, rather, three Mr. Disraelis, covering all sixty of those glorious years that Miss Neagle has told us so much about. Young Mr. Disraeli looking like Mr. John Gielgud. Middle-aged Mr. Disraeli looking like Mr. Gielgud as Raymond Massey. Old Mr. Disraeli looking like Mr. Gielgud as Mr. Massey as Abraham Lincoln.

ALAN MOWBRAY *takes the part of Sir William Hamilton, British envoy at Naples, and husband to Nelson's lovely mistress, in Alexander Korda's film, "Lady Hamilton." Sir William married Emma Hart, as she was then called, in England, in order to justify her public reception in Naples, where she was a great favourite in society, and* persona grata *with Queen Maria Carolina.*

The opening scenes of the film establish the reason for Mr. D.'s entry into politics. We meet him first as a young fop in a dressing-gown, writing novels. A few words from a schoolgirl cousin jolt his conscience. "Why don't you go into politics, Dizzy?" she asks him. Just like that. Naïve and simple. Thinking it over, he rides off to a party on a velocipede, and crashes into Mrs. Wyndham Lewis's landau. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis (Diana Wynyard) is clutching, presumably to enliven the duller moments of the party, a volume of Mr. Disraeli's "Contarini Fleming." Exquisite, clear-eyed and discerning, she passes her verdict on the author of the novel. Why doesn't he go into politics? It seems like fate.

And as all omens go in threes, Mr. Disraeli manages the same afternoon to knock spots off young Mr. Gladstone (Stephen Murray) at croquet, and catch the eye of Prime Minister Lord Melbourne. Why doesn't he go into politics? asks Lord Melbourne. Dizzy shrugs his slim shoulders—and then something Tremendous happens. The King dies—the year is 1837—and Lord Melbourne has to hurry off to break the news to Princess Victoria. Dizzy (this should interest Miss Neagle, and, in fact, all historians) goes with him.

Stealing up the stairs behind the Prime Minister, he eavesdrops on that famous scene with the young Queen in her nightgown. The royal words cut him straight to the heart. He knows that England Needs him. Young Mr. Disraeli is for politics. It's all set.

From that moment on, his one ambition is to become Prime Minister of England. With the help of the lovely Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, soon to be Mrs. Disraeli, he achieves it. There are hitches, of course. His maiden speech in the House is a roaring fiasco. His rings and chains and ornate appearance tell against him, with all except the ladies. Mr. Gladstone, who has apparently never got over that first encounter at croquet, can't look at him without sneering. And even at the eleventh hour, when his party is returned to power, he nearly misses being Prime Minister because Mr. Owen Nares—Lord Derby, I beg his pardon—refuses to join his Cabinet.

VIVIEN LEIGH *as Emma, Lady Hamilton, co-stars with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, in Korda's new film, and they appear together on our front page. Here she is seen in her magnificent bed, aroused from sleep by her mother* (**SARA ALLGOOD**) *to listen to the tumult going on outside the palace in Naples, where her husband is British envoy.*

But Mrs. Disraeli fixes that for him, as she fixes everything. She goes and has tea with Mr. Nares, and explains to him all about Dizzy's ambition. When Mrs. Disraeli dies, from a secret and terrible illness, her husband nearly gives up the seals of office. But now old Queen Victoria (Fay Compton with padding) comes to his assistance. She has had a chat with Mrs. Disraeli earlier on, one day when the poor lady was in the Palace, hidden behind a curtain. The Queen knows what it is to have lost a dear one. United by their loneliness, the two become chums.

And so it happens that at last, when Europe looks like boiling up for war, the Queen shows Dizzy a letter from her daughter in Germany, and Dizzy goes off to meet Bismarck and bring back peace with honour. And he does it, too, in spite of all Bismarck's (Lyn Harding's) attempts to fill him up with Tokay and caviar and goulash, dope him with cigars and liqueur brandy, and make him miss his train to England. I may be wrong, but I hardly think that as a documentary record of English history "The Prime Minister" will go down among the classics. Possibly it wasn't intended to. After all, the first "Disraeli" film got by nicely with dear Mr. Arliss trapping lady-spies and fathering young love, with brief periods off for political whimsy.

Mr. Gielgud's Dizzy is not quite as suave as Mr. Arliss's, but it is a very effective bit of showmanship, and in the latter scenes it has great power. Miss Wynyard's Mrs. Disraeli may not be just an accurate portrait of the great lady, but it is certainly a picture. My own pet performance in the piece is that of little Glynis Johns, as the girl-cousin who first turns Disraeli towards politics. Miss Johns, even as a child, was always a most engaging actress, but at seventeen she has developed a voice that I find quite enchanting—the *oddest* voice, husky and yet sweet.

Lady Nelson, neglected wife of Trafalgar's hero, is played by **GLADYS COOPER** *in "Lady Hamilton," the film which has just been completed in Hollywood.*

Of the week's lighter items, I can thoroughly recommend "CHRISTMAS IN JULY," at the Plaza. This is only a little picture, a romantic comedy about a young clerk who thinks he has won a slogan contest but hasn't, but it is done with rather an unusual amount of warmth and human understanding. It is the work of an irrepressible American, Preston Sturges, who has the odd idea that the man who directs a picture might just as well write it. This thesis is tantamount to revolution in Hollywood, but as practised by Mr. Sturges it seems to work out nicely.

The hero of "Christmas in July" (Dick Powell) is an unimportant clerk in the Maxford House Coffee Company. His hobby is slogan competitions, and he is going to marry the girl at the next desk (Ellen Drew) when he has really won one. His friends, as a hoax, send him a bogus telegram announcing that he has won this year's big money prize. So our Jimmy goes out with the girl and buys presents for everybody. Furniture for Mum and Dad, toys for the neighbours' children, the wedding of her dreams for his Betty. It is all gay, and natural, and though the hoax is discovered, Mr. Sturges has too much sense to spoil the happy ending.

"THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO" (Gaumont) seems to have been arranged for those who haven't seen "The Mark of Zorro," or those who, having seen it, couldn't have enough of it. The scene isn't California this time, but the Balkans, the Ruritanian Balkans, where a poor little Grand Duchess (Joan Bennett) is having an awful time from scheming Gurko Lanen (George Sanders) and others. Fortunately, there is a local Zorro handy in dashing Louis Hayward.

THE NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR AND HIS FAMILY.

MRS. JOHN G. WINANT, *wife of the newly-appointed United States Ambassador.*

Another study of MRS. WINANT, *who is reported to be planning to join her husband in England.*

MR. JOHN G. WINANT, *first Ambassador to be met by the Sovereign in person on arrival in this country; with his family. They are (l. to r., standing)* MR. CARLOS VALANDO; MRS. VALANDO, *formerly Miss Constance Winant;* MR. JOHN WINANT, JUN., *and* MR. RIVINGTON WINANT; *and in front,* MRS. WINANT *and* HIS EXCELLENCY.

THE new United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's received the signal honour of being met at the station on arrival by his Majesty the King, after having been welcomed at the airport by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. He knows this country well, and had made at least fourteen crossings of the Atlantic by air alone before the historic trip which has just brought him here. He has already visited Britain three times since the outbreak of war. His first visit was as a soldier—twenty-five years ago, for he was a member of the American Expeditionary Force and commanded one of the first American air squadrons in France. He is a Republican, has been twice Governor of New Hampshire, and in 1935 was appointed chairman of the Social Security Board.

A full-length portrait study of MRS. JOHN G. WINANT, *taken in New York.*

THE QUEEN'S ICE CLUB.

By THEODORA BENSON and BETTY ASKWITH,

Authors of "Foreigners; or the World in a Nutshell."

ILLUSTRATED BY TOPOLSKI.

"THIS place," said Elizabeth Veronica, "used to be kind of a snooty place. But it's much nicer now."

The manager had already told us the same thing, though he'd put it a little differently. The best skating, he said, now took place on week-days; the Saturday and Sunday crowd were more light-hearted. He added that they were quite cosmopolitan, and gestured vaguely at two husky Canadians. The annual member's subscription has been changed to a monthly subscription of half a crown, to suit people who cannot know how soon they will be moved elsewhere. There are three late evenings — Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays — from 6.30 to 9.30; and it's open seven days a week from 10 to 12.45, and from 2 to 5.

"Could I have your autograph, please?"

The pianist was thumping out a waltz-tune with the loud, gay competence of a steam calliope when we got there. Only the better skaters were performing, but there were quite a lot of them. They seemed to move with effortless grace, but at least half wore expressions that were a little set and anxious. We sat down near the rail. It was a very pleasant scene, and the people were so well-mannered and orderly that it was hard to imagine how the week-day lot achieved being even more serious.

"It's extraordinary," said Topolski, "how, having paid to enjoy themselves, they do what the man with the megaphone tells them. Getting off the floor so good-temperedly when the dancers want a turn. Why, in *my* country . . ."

The dancers were charming to watch, though it struck us, a little regretfully, that few of the couples looked really romantic. They seemed to have chosen each other more on a basis of respect for mutual skill than for any tenderer reason. They were not reminiscent of a film starring Sonia Henje and Tyrone Power, with the lovelight in their eyes.

We really enjoyed it more when the dancing stopped and the free-for-all began. It started something like the Caucus race in "Alice in Wonderland." Everybody skated round, swinging along as fast as they could. When the inspiriting march-tune stopped, one expected the Dodo to announce that everyone had won a prize.

After that came a beginners' half-hour. Strange, timid figures crept along, clutching each other or the barrier. No one, however, sat down with a bump. The really good skaters, we noticed, neither left the floor nor joined the throng. They stood in a long row down the centre, chatting in twos and threes. They looked rather like the prefects watching the junior football game. We thought it must be a great test of prestige, wondering whether you were entitled to join that line.

Some of the girls wore real skating dresses. Then there was an ambitious get-up consisting of black skirt, pink chiffon blouse and spangled black velvet bolero; surprising. But most of the girls wore skirts and pull-overs; generally proper skating skirts, full, and well above the knee. There was plenty of colour: scarlet skirt with ice-blue sweater, tartan skirt topped with orange, a crimson velvet suit. A few wore their ordinary clothes. It seemed odd, now that girls increasingly wear trousers with or without reason, that none wore them here; when at last a girl arrived in a pair, one saw why. The action of skating does push out the behind, and the full, short skirt—and only the full, short skirt—is becoming to it.

The full, short skirt is not invariably becoming to legs, and it looked as though skating tends to develop these. There were some good pairs, even some that were too thin, but on the whole people were well supported. Scarcely anyone wore stockings. Most people wore gloves.

"Why, Mr. Topolski! We recognised you from your photograph in the papers."

Two charming little girls, one slim and fair, one plump and brunette, clung to the rail, goggling at him. The brunette proffered the envelope of a letter from her boy-friend.

"Could I have your autograph, please?"

Topolski was magnanimous. Signing, he said gravely: "These ladies are celebrities. You will want their autographs, too."

Having inscribed our names, it seemed only civil to produce a bit of paper of our own and return the compliment. So the brunette signed for us "Elizabeth Veronica," and the fair one signed "Joan."

Elizabeth Veronica works in a lawyer's office.

"It's quite fun, you know. The other day a man came in *shouting* about his divorce. And I have to go to the Courts sometimes. Still, I'm not going to stay there. I'm engaged to be married."

Waiting for a waltz: "Sure, it's good for slimming."

"You're very young to marry."

"I'm nineteen. *That* isn't young."

Joan, however, is fancy free.

"'Fancy free'—well, I do see a lot of a boy in the Air Force. He used to be a skating instructor, and he's going to teach me to waltz. But I shan't marry till I'm *ever* so old. I shall marry when I'm twenty-three!"

"You want to have plenty of fun before you marry and get that over?"

Elizabeth Veronica fidgeted, and chipped in: "Well, you know—oh, I don't know."

"Before marriage is the time for fun," said Joan firmly, and we all tried to look gravely at Elizabeth Veronica, but she wasn't impressed, and we laughed instead.

They told us a lot about it all; that boots and skates cost four or five guineas a pair, and now they'd got two each; that some days the place seemed packed with boys in uniform; that the Queen's was a lot of fun.

"It did used to be snooty," Joan agreed with Elizabeth Veronica, "but it's *ever* so nice now!"

A vision of care-free pleasure.

A cavalier in distress.

AN ARTIST VIEWS A LONDON SKATING-RINK.

THIS week FELIKS TOPOLSKI went to view one of London's wartime amusement centres, THE QUEEN'S ICE-SKATING CLUB, Bayswater, where Londoners, in uniform and plain clothes, practise their edges and give displays of their skating virtuosity—or lack of it—as their favourite form of wartime relaxation. On our facing page, the Hon. Theodora Benson and the Hon. Betty Askwith give their impressions of this amusement centre, which is always crowded with enthusiasts of every age and type.

A general view of the skating-rink and spectators.

Better late than never; or various ways of doing it!

A young lady of determination, and two enthusiasts.

DRAWINGS BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

LEADING SIGNALMAN A. J. PULLEN—*for "tampering with a time-bomb" to save a street, because he found the temptation too great to resist.*

Two-year-old SHERRY GABRIELSON—*for taking like a duck to water.*

SHIRLEY TEMPLE—*for being junior advisory editor of a magazine which nominates Mr. Winston Churchill "World Hero No. 1."*

PAM BARTON—*for exchanging her golfing stance on the links to stand to attention in the ranks.*

LEADING SIGNALMAN A. J. PULLEN took a time-bomb from a house in London to a dump to save lives. He remarked: "The temptation was too great, and I felt I must have a shot at getting it out of the house." His fine of £3 for the crime was paid by his officer, who suggested he should have the receipt framed!

SHERRY GABRIELSON, the daughter of Bramwell Gabrielson, Minnesota swimming coach, is seen dropping from her father's arms into the water. At the age of two she already gives swimming exhibitions.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is junior advisory editor of a children's magazine. In its latest issue, seventeen pages are devoted to Mr. Winston Churchill.

PAM BARTON, golf champion, and probably the best of Britain's younger school of women golfers, has now joined the ranks of the W.A.A.F.

PARAMOUNT has bought in Hollywood for £37,500 the film rights of ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S new best-seller novel, "For Whom the Bell Tolls." This is the highest price yet given for the film rights of a book. The earlier record was £27,750 for Edna Ferber's "Cimarron."

PAMELA IRVING, great-granddaughter of famous actor Sir Henry Irving, joined the A.T.S. when war began. She has mastered telephony and operates the complicated switchboard lines as part of her work.

AT a New York night-club, PAT O'CLEARY demonstrated the high kick before other chorines who hoped for jobs in some of the better bistros.

COLONEL RALPH ALGER BAGNOLD, of the Royal Corps of Signals, has for years studied sand-dunes, drifts and formations. General Wavell gave him *carte blanche* to collect crews and train them, and to Colonel Bagnold's knowledge of sand is attributed some credit for the Army's amazingly swift advance across the desert.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY—*for setting up a £37,500 record in film rights with his best-seller "For Whom the Bell Tolls."*

PAMELA IRVING—*for working on very different "lines" from those of her great-grandfather, Sir Henry Irving.*

PAT O'CLEARY—*for demonstrating the height of a chorine's ambition.*

COLONEL R. A. BAGNOLD—*for (like an Eastern sand-diviner) finding the fortunes of the British Army in Libya writ in sand.*

MISS ROSEMARY BROOKE *is a C.S.M. in the Women's Transport Service (F.A.N.Y.). She is with her C.O.*, MISS B. B. HUTCHINSON.

Tea in the Leaders' Mess-room: MISS BROOKE, *with* SECTION-LEADER MRS. GEOFFREY GRACE *and* SECTION-LEADER MISS ELSIE MOBERLY.

C.S.M. MISS BROOKE *in her office. Handing a message to* ORDERLY-SERGEANT MRS. DESMOND JAMES.

A practical demonstration: ASST. ADJUTANT MISS RUTH HOLMES A'COURT, C.S.M. MISS BROOKE, *and* VOLUNTEER MISS GRANT GORDON *in the lecture room.*

The lighter side of Army life! Tuppence, the office pet, gets a titbit from C.S.M. MISS BROOKE.

Leading a squad at drill: C.S.M. MISS ROSEMARY BROOKE *on the parade ground.*

How to salute: C.S.M. MISS ROSEMARY BROOKE *instructs a young recruit in this important military gesture.*

A CHIP OF THE OLD BROOKE!

MISS ROSEMARY BROOKE, daughter of that distinguished soldier, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Alan Brooke, Commander-in-Chief Home Forces, is, so to speak, a real chip of the Old Brooke. She is twenty-three years old, and Company Sergeant-Major in the Women's Transport Service (F.A.N.Y.). She has been acting as instructor to the new drivers at a training centre, and is here seen at work, looking smart, keen and efficient.

LADY CAROLINE SPENCER-CHURCHILL *and her cousin*, MISS DIANA GILMOUR.

MISS LOVEDAY BOLITHO, MISS PATRICIA DAWSON, MISS AVICE DAWSON, *and the* HON. ANN RUSSELL *(l. to r.)*.

In spite of war conditions, QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY DINNER-DANCE in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital duly took place at Grosvenor House—which, by the way, is considered to be an exceptionally strong building—and was attended by nearly one thousand guests. The cake, with 197 candles, was cut by the vice-presidents and chairmen, the Countess of Coventry, the Countess of Lisburne, Lady Hamond-Graeme, and Mrs. Denton Çarlisle. The wartime débutantes are seen making their slow curtsey in perfect unison before the great cake.

MISS MARY CHURCHILL, *youngest daughter of the Premier.*

The HON. ROSEMARY SCOTT-ELLIS, *fifth daughter of Lord Howard de Walden.*

LADY ANN CURZON, *eldest daughter of Viscountess Scarsdale.*

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S WARTIME BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH 197 CANDLES:

WARTIME DÉBUTANTES ASSEMBLE AT THE GREAT HOSPITAL BALL.

MISS P. JOWITT, MISS MARY CHURCHILL, *daughter of the Prime Minister;* MISS JUDY MONTAGUE, *and* MISS L. LAWSON.

LADY ELIZABETH RUFUS-ISAACS *and* MR. CHARLES HARDING.

LIEUT. WALTER SCOTT *dancing with* MISS P. HENDERSON.

MR. TIM BISHOP, *brother of Lady George Scott, with* MISS VERONICA HARRISON.

MISS ANGELA LLOYD-THOMAS *and* LIEUT. VISCOUNT EDNAM.

"Nostro Liberatore!" *Nelson* (LAURENCE OLIVIER) *with Lady Hamilton* (VIVIEN LEIGH) *in Naples after the Battle of the Nile.*

NELSON, HIS EM AND DEATH O SPECTACULA OF KORD "LADY H

"LADY HAMILTON," Alexa life of Nelson, not only Emma, Lady Hamilton, but rec and his triumphs in Naples a returned after the Battle of the as "*Nostro Liberatore*," and fête while the King called him "de of Trafalgar is presented on the the death of Nelson in the cock reconstructed. A striking still o as Nelson and Lady Hamil

The Battle of Trafalgar reconstructed for the screen: a scene on the gun- and smoke-swept deck during the action.

Lord Nelson addressing the crowded and enthusiastic House of Lords on his return to London after his victorious Mediterranean campaigns.

HIS VICTORIES
THE SCREEN:
PLENDOUR
PICTURE;
LTON."

rda's spectacular film of the
s his famous romance with
his glorious naval victories
here. In Naples, when he
was acclaimed by the people
Hamiltons at the Embassy,
nd preserver." The Battle
n a dramatic sequence, and
e "Victory" is impressively
ce Olivier and Vivien Leigh
ears on our front page.

The cockpit of the "Victory," October 21, 1805: the death of Lord Nelson, with Hardy (HENRY WILCOXON) *on the left.*

ROYAL LADIES, BRIDES, AND OTHERS IN THE NEWS:

MR. GEORGE WILLIAMS, *the Royal Fusiliers, younger son of the late Mr. Owain Williams, married* MISS PENELOPE ANN MITCHELL, *only daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Mitchell, at All Saints', Crowborough.*

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF KENT *attended the opening of the Silver Jubilee celebrations of the Royal College of Nursing, and chatted to* ANNA IVANAVA, *after watching her dance recital.*

Left: MR. GEOFFREY COOPER, *the Royal Sussex Regiment, second son of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Cooper, married* MISS ELISE RICHMOND, *daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. McGregor Richmond, of Balnacraig, Perthshire.*

Right: LADY KATHERINE PAGET, *youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, is engaged to Major Jocelyn Gurney, M.C., Welsh Guards, second son of the late Sir Eustace Gurney.*

SERGEANT *the* HON. MICHAEL STRUTT *(l.), son of Lord Belper, is seen with* SERGEANT J. H. HERBERT, *a Canadian volunteer, inspecting a Lewis machine-gun at Ottawa, after completing their training with the Royal Canadian Air Force.*

SEC.-LIEUT. H. P. GRANLUND, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., *son of the Rev. Canon Granlund, married* MISS ANGELA G. M. HEAD, *daughter of the late Sir Somerville Head, Bt., and Lady Head, at St. John's, Hove.*

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF SOME DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

H.M. THE QUEEN *accompanied the King on his visit of inspection to the Polish Forces in Scotland, and is here stooping under the camouflage as she leaves a defence post.*

Left: MISS ANTONELLE NEWLAND, *daughter of Major-General Sir Foster Newland, and of Mrs. W. G. Carr, is a charming and talented girl, who speaks four languages. She is now working at a hospital in the country.*

Right: LIEUT. G. L. G. PHILLPOTTS, R.N., *son of Admiral E. M. Phillpotts, is engaged to* MISS VIVIEN BOWDEN. *Miss Bowden is one of the party of girls chosen to go to South America in order to display British fashions.*

MR. JOHN RAPER-BINGHAM, *the rowing man, who stroked the Oxford Boat, son of Mr. William Raper-Bingham, married* MISS LYNETTE STEWART, *daughter of Flt. Lieut. W. L. Stewart, at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens.*

The marriage of CAPTAIN IAN THOMPSON, *son of Dr. and Mrs. Francis Thompson, to* MISS PAULINE MARY HILL, *daughter of Mr. Hubert H. Hill, took place at St. Columba's Church of Scotland.*

MR. LORIS REY, *a sculptor of distinction, is working as an Auxiliary Fireman. He is here posed with some of his portrait-busts, which include heads of Sir Michael Sadler, Jacob Kramer and Viscount Harberton.*

CHELSEA A.R.P. IN REVUE FOR A.R.P. COMFORTS.

THE theatrical productions of the Chelsea A.R.P. at the Chelsea Polytechnic have included some excellent shows. Their latest effort is a revue which was given in aid of the Mayor of Chelsea's A.R.P. Comforts Fund. It was written, devised and produced by stretcher-bearer Hugh Skillon, well-known stage designer, who was responsible for the striking [Continued below.

Left: MARIA STORMONTH, *a voluntary driver, in "French Porcelain."*

LÉON FRANKS, *a stretcher-bearer, in his "Boy Meets Girl" dual-personality dance, "Rendezvous."*

The entire cast of the Chelsea Depôt 2, A.R.P. Revue, in "Romany Reverie," with LÉON FRANKS *in the centre.*

Continued.]
masks in "Johnson Over Jordan." Maria Stormonth sang in "Elephant in Arcady," the musical play seen before the war at the Kingsway. Léon Franks, the dancer, was before the war in the act, "Léon and Alys." The photographs are by Paul Tanqueray, a member of Chelsea Mobile Unit No. 2.

Left: HUGH SKILLON, *stretcher-bearer,* FRANK BENNETT, *stretcher-bearer, and* RAY FARMER *in "The Benskill Rays," a burlesque of 1927 types of Sister acts.*

FRANK BENNETT *as "Matron Manresa," who has got a bit mixed between her first-aid and cookery lectures.*

DIRECTOR ANTHONY ASQUITH AT WORK ON "COTTAGE TO LET."

Lonely cogitation.

Intense concentration.

Preparing for criticism.

Decision—in concert with film-cutter CHARLES SAUNDERS.

Satisfaction—with camera-operator CYRIL KNOWLES.

Discussing with CARLA LEHMANN, *who plays the hero's daughter.*

Explaining his ideas to ALASTAIR SIM, *tenant of the cottage.*

With his leading ladies, CARLA LEHMANN *and* JEANNE DE CASALIS.

A chat with MICHAEL WILDING *and the boy star,* GEORGE COLE.

An unusual view of a new film is recorded in these pictures. Those at the top of the page show the HON. ANTHONY ASQUITH directing the picture version of "Cottage to Let," Geoffrey Kerr's Fifth Column thriller, with Leslie Banks and George Cole, the boy actor, in their original rôles of hero and inquisitive evacuee who helps to round up the spy (played by John Mills). The lower snapshots picture Mr. Asquith with members of his cast. He began his film career in 1926, when he and Cyril McLaglen doubled for Lilian Hall-Davis and Phyllis Terry in the difficult chariot-racing scene of silent picture "Boadicea." Since then he has achieved considerable success as a director of imagination and originality.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRITERION PRESS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

U.S. WRITER WHO CAME TO EUROPE "TO SEE FOR HERSELF."

MISS CLARE BOOTHE, *in private life Mrs. Luce, is the brilliant author and playwright who came over to Europe on February 10, 1940, in order to see for herself if the war struck her as being America's business or not. She is neither a politician nor a military expert, but a highly intelligent, observant woman having access to persons in high places, and the result of her journey is "European Spring," a book which everyone is reading with absorption. Mrs. Luce met Count Ciano in Rome, talked to politicians and shop-girls in Paris, and to soldiers in the Maginot Line. She was in Brussels on May 9 and on May 10 the first bombs fell. She witnessed at close quarters the opening stages of the Battle of France, and was in England at the time of Dunkirk. She is giving all profits on "European Spring" to war charities.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. ERIC LINKLATER'S autobiography, "The Man on My Back," starts so many hares that one scarcely knows which to follow. Mr. Linklater's body is as active as his mind—and if we follow *that,* setting off from his native Orkney, we shall have traversed a large part, and perhaps the most interesting part, of the globe. Mr. Linklater lived in India and America; in India as a journalist, in America as the possessor of a Commonwealth Fellowship which enabled him to "study the growth of middle-class comedy in the Jacobean theatre." Actually he studied many other things as well, above all the Americans, whom he liked and about whom he makes many illuminating observations. He spent a domestic winter in Italy, whence he emerged, as he playfully wrote to his hostess, "entirely destitute," "owing to your very great kindness"; he travelled, steerage, down the Pacific seaboard of America, returning by the Panama Canal; he visited Assam, the frontier of Tibet, and China; he had an experience in Russia comparable to the experiences many impatient tourists have had there, though few have described them as brilliantly as he. He has been, in fact, a globe-trotter, but a globe-trotter who brings to his sight-seeing the intelligence and the knowledge and the temperament which transform them from mere places on the map to important stations in an earthly pilgrimage.

The Æsthetic Attitude to Life.

That pilgrimage, we are happy to think, though so much more crowded and interesting than any that most of us can lay claim to, has barely reached its middle point. His readers will remember his admiration for the Sagas; some will perhaps have read his novel founded on those early masterpieces. Together with Shakespeare, they are probably the literary influence to whom he owes most. Shakespeare (I believe I am right in saying) on the whole judged conduct, as far as he judged it at all, from an ethical standpoint. There are, of course, many exceptions to this; Antony and Cleopatra is one. But even in Antony and Cleopatra the moral issue is raised, although Shakespeare clearly does not see eye to eye with Octavius, whose success may be said to have vindicated the Moral Law. The Icelandic Sagas, on the other hand, judge conduct by an æsthetic standard.

The hero is not admirable because he has saved his Colonel's skin, or held the bridge to Rome, but because he has been willing to accept a conclusion to his life that is in conformity with his character or function. He has achieved a pattern. *Decorum est. . . .* Perhaps life in all its activities should be judged by an æsthetic standard. The moralist imposes too close a regimen, and fails to perceive that what is sauce for the goose may be venom for the gander. The stoning of stray cats and the repetition of dirty words are venial in little boys, but disgusting in a quinquagenarian spinster. It is a matter of consistency, an æsthetic problem. Let the wanton perch on any knee, but fidelity in a wife will show more prettily than a Peruvian emerald in her ear. Should a burglar steal and a policeman chase him, it is proper in them both; they shall be judged on their merit.

Speaking of the Nagas, a warlike tribe in Assam, he observes:

To us whose lives are purposive and haggard with desire of some lame effigy of virtue, it seems unnatural that a people who won their notoriety by head-hunting, and whose minds must shudder with the incessant fears of animism, should be plump and jocular, loud-laughing and unafraid of death; but the Nagas are a merry folk, though admittedly their idea of a joke is primitive.

A Fascinating Theory.

This is a fascinating theory, but a dangerous one. Supposing a man's most effective function in life was to be a germ-carrier: should he therefore think the object of his being best fulfilled by infecting as many people as possible? Moreover, does the æsthetic view of life necessarily imply the theory, held by some psychologists, that self-development should be pursued at whatever cost to one's neighbours? Nearly everyone agrees that the science of æsthetics has its canons, though no two people would agree as to what they were. All art is a form of self-expression, or has some admixture of self-expression in it: but pure self-expression does not constitute art, otherwise a scream would be as valuable a work of art as a symphony. And although violent death may complete the pattern of a soldier's life, it is not what his country really requires of him. His country wishes him to kill the enemy, not be killed himself, and his death is a sign of failure—albeit a glorious failure—and a matter for regret. If life is a boon, then death whene'er it comes must come too soon—too soon for the person who dies, that is. In the opinion of others it may have arrived at the psychological moment and be æsthetically justified; but this consideration is not likely to smooth the pillow of the dying man. Personally, I find it easier to accept death as a part of suffering than rejoice at it as a "finishing touch."

But this discussion, which began with Mr. Linklater, is now taking me away from him—the last thing I wish, for his book is of altogether unusual value, both as a personal record and as a commentary on life; and one of the few inspired by a vision inclusive enough to see the war in some kind of perspective.

Three Generations.

Miss Barbara Goolden has vision too. Her latest novel, "Crown of Life," is a survey of the last forty years, as they are reflected in the lives of a family whose members, traced through three generations, have too much originality to be called humdrum, but not enough talent in any one direction to be called remarkable.

Belinda Urquhart was, in common parlance, the best of the bunch, the most complete and satisfactory human being. While she lives she serves as a standard by which the others can be judged; when she dies a light goes out of the book, but her mantle, or some of it, falls on her daughter, Elizabeth, who has a share of her mother's sanity, tolerance and intelligence, but, growing up in straitened circumstances and more troublous times, cannot see her way as clearly as her mother did. Of the others, one brother becomes a missionary and is killed; the other, the discontented Archie, throws up his job in the Home Office, makes a

[*Continued overleaf.*

Our Readers, Please Note

AS most of our readers must by this time be fully aware, the Publishing Houses of Britain are passing through difficult times. Coupled with a curtailment of paper supplies owing to shipping difficulties, all production costs have been greatly increased.

This being the case, the Proprietors of *The Sketch,* following the example of many others, with greatest reluctance have been compelled to raise the price of this journal from 1s., as hitherto, to 1s. 3d. per copy.

Owing also to the urgency of the paper-supply problem, waste must be entirely eliminated. For this reason your newsagent only receives such copies for sale as are needed to fill his exact requirements. Therefore, you should not rely upon a casual purchase of *The Sketch,* but should place a definite order at once.

Starting with the issue of April 2, the price of *The Sketch* will henceforth be 1s. 3d. per copy.

THE EDITOR.

OUR NEW SERIES OF COLOUR-PLATES—THE SEVENTH NEXT WEEK.

The first of our new plates in full colour by Mr. David Wright was published in our issue of January 1, 1941, and NEXT WEEK, MARCH 26, WE ARE PRESENTING THE SEVENTH *of this amusing and delightful series. We decided to publish these plates in order to brighten the hours of leisure of our Naval men, soldiers and airmen, and their popularity has even exceeded our expectations. There are few wardrooms, cabins, messes and billets of serving men whose walls are not now adorned with* "DAVID WRIGHT GIRLS," *and many members of the Civil Defence Services find that these sprightly works of art help to enliven their lonely posts. We are publishing the plates loose in the numbers so that they may be removed by those who wish to pin them up.*

Continued.]
failure of farming in Australia, comes back and marries Amy, maidservant in his father's house, tries his hand at various jobs, and finally settles down, on the best of terms with himself and his wife. Kate, the wild sister, marries an Austrian musician, whose talents are just sufficient to carry him to disillusion and disappointment; the other, Theresa, enters an Anglican sisterhood and, living half-outside the world, is able to view it with charity and a fairly quiet mind. After them comes the younger generation, Ramsay and Elizabeth, Belinda's children, and the rest. They are perplexed by the growing chaos in the world about them. Says Ramsay:

"No one in his right mind wants to remain identified with this age. I 'm inclined to think diversion *is* the only thing, and all else nightmare."

His sister argues that there "must be something in service." Even those who have no religious faith in the strict sense of the term will enjoy "the crown of life" promised in the Book of Revelation, if they are "faithful unto death."

An Austere Story.

An austere creed, and, on the whole, an austere story. Realising that so many standards have now broken down, Miss Goolden is chary of setting up new ones, or suggesting short cuts to happiness. In the lives of the Urquhart family compromise rules; they have to accept, at best, a second best, and the reader, who looks in a novel for emotional fulfilment, will be disappointed, as they were. All of them have distinct and recognisable personalities, but in creating them, I think, Miss Goolden has relied more on her intellect than her imagination. They remain symbols of the ideas they embody. Of Mr. and Mrs. Porter she says:

They had high principles, a faith in tradition, and a mutual and chronic form of dyspepsia which forbade the exhaustion of new ideas.

I doubt if dyspepsia can be mutual, and what exactly does "the exhaustion of new ideas" mean? If it means that thinking tired them, the phrase might stand as a criticism of Miss Goolden's novel. It is sincere, interesting, unconventional; but it is a little exhausted with the effort of entertaining so many ideas.

The Tradition of the Sea.

Mr. Hans Otto Storm is in love with cleverness, and his new "long-short" story, "Three Days Reckoning," is as clever as can be; too clever to be easy to follow, either in outline or in detail. When the *India*, a very ancient vessel of 12,000 tons, bound on a pleasure cruise, went aground on a reef in the Pacific, the obvious thing was to call for help: at least, many of the crew thought so, and some of the officers. But the captain would not; and when things went from bad to worse he still refused. He played

a "dangerous lone hand on a mud-bank so that he could save his own ship and finish out his thirty years and still have power;—that was his reason—but it does not explain everything: there were wheels within wheels.

The shipping business [Mr. Grierson had learned] was a sump of shoddiness, dishonesty and racketeering . . . the traditions of the sea would not hold water.

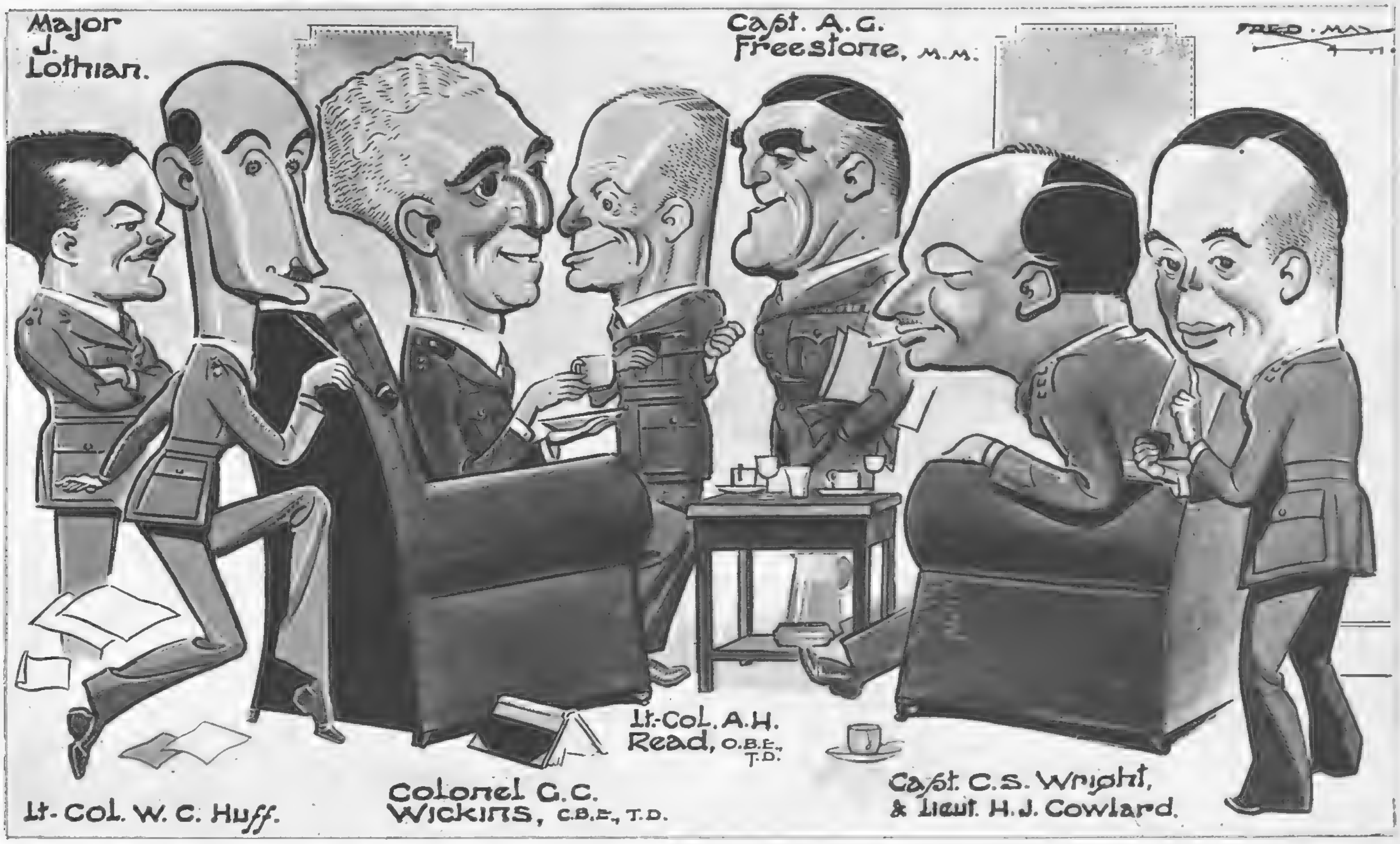
"Three Days Reckoning" might have been written to illustrate this thesis. Happily, the passengers did not know in the interests of what dirty business their lives were being put in jeopardy. The captain had assured them that the steward's department was well stocked, and they passed their time painting, making love, and so on.

"You!" said Mr. Barkham to Miss Winship, who was "very, very sorry for him." "Why, I don't even know your name. You are so good! If you would let me love you. You are so good. Clean. Living."

Surely a most unnatural and improbable opening gambit; and throughout the story we feel that though Mr. Storm knows a great deal about ships, and the way they behave when stranded on a reef, he is less knowledgeable about human nature—at least, he overlays his knowledge with so much irony, so much cleverness of presentation, that the underlying substance is obscured. The painter who, through all these alarums and excursions, the shooting of the Chinaman and the mutiny of the crew, pursued his studies of the "catenary curve," is an illustration of what I mean. "Three Days Reckoning" is an exciting story; it could not fail to be, given the subject and the author's altogether unusual technical accomplishment; but it is not a small masterpiece, like the "S.S. *San Pedro*," because, though the author has the ability to write one, his determination to avoid the obvious, at whatever cost to lucidity, prevents him.

A Roland and an Oliver.

The many admirers of Lemmy Caution and Slim Callaghan will welcome a book in which these heroes vie with each other in quickness of wit and of gun. Mr. Caution rather than Mr. Callaghan has been the loser by being crowded into the dimensions of a short story. It might have been expected that the intellectual interest would have suffered most, but actually the reverse is the case, and while we admire the mental gymnastics of the pair we miss their characteristic toughness. But even if Mr. Caution abstains from his famous act of busting three adversaries mean ones while at the same time he hands a fourth a push in the puss, nevertheless his thumbnail sketches both of the stern and fair sexes have lost none of their point, as witness the man who "is such a bad hat that there have been occasions when he don't even want to know himself."



Our lines of communication are in excellent form, and THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS, *a vital link in the Services, comes in for a little mild caricature this week. We have seen them on duty; here they are off duty and making contact over cups that cheer.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Man on My Back. An Autobiography. By Eric Linklater. (*Macmillan; 12s. 6d.*)
Crown of Life. By Barbara Goolden. (*Heinemann; 9s. 6d.*)
Three Days Reckoning. By Hans Otto Storm. (*Heinemann; 6s.*)
Mr. Caution, Mr. Callaghan. By Peter Cheyney. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

DANCE DIRECTOR PAN HERMES *runs through the Samba with* ANN MILLER.

A graceful movement in the Samba, a Brazilian dance made more spectacular by Pan's addition of fast footwork.

THE FASTEST FEET IN FILMDOM LEARN NEW STEPS.

LONG-LEGGED ANN MILLER is reputed to have the fastest feet in filmdom. Her footwork 's so good that she can do five taps merely by dropping her foot to the floor, and can immediately get the rhythm for any new number if Pan Hermes hums it to her. Three years ago she left her native Texas to try her luck in Hollywood, and after dancing at stag dinners and amateur shows she landed a big part in "New Faces." Pan Hermes immediately spotted her notable quality, but it was not until she made a hit on Broadway in "George White's Scandals" that she "hit the Hollywood jackpot." Our photographs were taken on the "Melody Ranch" set.

Left: Ann Miller running through Pan Hermes' new dance, the Argeconga.

Dancing the Argeconga, a dance which combines the Argentine tap and the Conga.

Ann all on her toes in the Argeconga, a dance which displays her amazing virtuosity.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.*

By MARTIN HAWKIN.

"TURN on the news, George," said the publican to his son. For some minutes conversation in the private bar ceased, as the nightly hope arose of some striking piece of information. When the synopsis was over, it was thought that none would transpire. Enemy air activity had been slight; an important statement by the American Purchasing Committee was forecast; Britain's growing food production had been the subject of a Ministerial speech; and so on. ". . . and that is the end of the news. Now here is a police message: residents in the coastal districts of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire are warned to look out for two persons wanted by the police. One is six feet two inches tall, flaxen haired, with thick brown moustache, about forty years of age; the other is slightly shorter, with a sallow face and a cast in one eye. When last seen at Grimsby, these persons were posing as Belgian refugees on a walking tour. They wore raincoats and knapsacks. Anyone possessing information which may lead to the apprehension of these two persons is asked to communicate at once with the Chief Constable of the county, or with the nearest police station."

A burly man rose from a corner and portentously adjusted the belt of his mackintosh. All eyes followed him to the door, where he paused.

"Coastal districts of Lincolnshire . . . that 's us," he said.

"Aye," replied several.

"You were expecting it, Mr. Lucas?" asked the publican.

"I won't say I wasn't," replied the constable. "And if anyone suggested it was connected with the discovery of an abandoned motor-boat in Crendon Cove, I wouldn't say yes or no. Good night, all."

The blanket before the door fell back into position and the customers in the bar turned to look at one another with raised eyebrows. The publican gazed fixedly at two men by the fire who were unknown to him, and the regard of the others soon concentrated in the same way.

The impingement of sixteen lines of sight on his back caused the taller man to turn.

"Abandoned motor-boat?" he said. "That sounds like some more spies coming over, damn them."

The eight men were reassured at having their own conclusions thus voiced. But they regarded with disappointment the town suits and blue overcoats of the strangers, noted that the taller one was clean-shaven, had dark hair.

"Going far to-night?" asked the publican.

"Newark," replied the taller man.

"In the travelling line?"

"Yes. Hairdresser's accessories and fittings." He glanced at his watch. "Come on, Frank. We will have to hurry if we are going to get a bed."

The shorter man stood up. He wore glasses and a black moustache. "Okay," he said.

The two paused, looking round the room as if to say: "Anything else you want to ask?" But there was silence, so they wished a good night and departed.

As they were starting their car, two figures approached and one asked if they were going towards Boston.

"Afraid not," said the taller commercial.

"We 're on a walking tour," explained the figure, "to celebrate our ordination. We 've tried the vicarage for accommodation, and two addresses they gave us, but without luck. I suppose you don't know the village?"

"No."

"Dear me, I don't know what we can do, Eustace."

"Try the pub," said the commercial, getting into gear.

"I suppose it 'll have to be the pub," said the figure, adjusting its knapsack. "Thank you," it added. And the Rev. Henry and the Rev. Eustace walked towards their first experience of police detention.

The commercials drove away.

"*Glücklicherweise dass wir die Wandervogelei aufgegaben,*" said the shorter one.

"*Stimmt,*" replied his companion.

The Second-in-Command at the Royal Air Force Advanced Navigation Training Centre VII. was giving the new batch of pupils their security lecture. "(*a*) What the enemy wants to know. (*b*) How he finds out. (*c*) How he transmits his information. (*d*) Importance of this course. (*e*) Necessity for discretion," he had written on a slip of paper. He was now on sub-heading (*c*). "Apart from these methods, gentlemen, the agent who discovers a particularly valuable piece of information may not care to risk its interception and will therefore himself carry it back to his country *via* a neutral. The disadvantage of this method lies in the fact that it can only be done once or twice, for our passport control watches exits and entrances with great care and a man frequently going to and fro would attract suspicion. Therefore, as I say, an agent would only adopt this method if he had got something good.

"Now I come to you. You have all been carefully chosen and checked for this course. You will be handling instruments and apparatus that are new to you. They are, in fact, new to the Service and new to the world. Much of your duty will be done by night. That will give you the tip about the importance of this course which, as you will soon learn, trains you in new methods of night fighting and is in fact nothing to do with navigation at all.

"I cannot impress on you too strongly the need for absolute discretion about all you see and hear here. You will have no leave, and your bounds are a one-mile radius from this station, which in fact means the village only. If you must go out to the pub, don't speak about your work here. Avoid civilians like the plague. Don't forget that: the consequences might be unpleasant for you if you do. Okay? Any questions?"

Thirty young officers and a handful of sergeant-pilots looked at Squadron Leader May without replying. "Carry on, then," he said. "I hope you 'll like it here."

The parade rose and broke up.

"Seems pretty hush-hush," said a Flight Lieutenant to his neighbour.

"Yes. Looks as if we 'd got something at last to make Jerry afraid of the dark," said the other, a Pilot Officer with the D.F.C. ribbon on his breast.

"No wonder they want to keep it dark till the right moment."

In the mess, Squadron Leader May was talking to some of the new batch. "I 'm afraid it amounts to this: you won't get any social life outside this camp while you 're here. But it 's worth it. It 's hard work, and we 've a jolly good mess. At least, it would be jolly good if it was warmer. Melrose!"

"Yes, Sir," answered a Flight Lieutenant with no wings—one of the administrative staff.

"Did you speak to that new boiler-man?"

"I 'm awfully sorry, Sir. I forgot. I 'll see him right away."

Flight Lieutenant Melrose finished his drink and hurried down to the basement of the old manor house. The boiler-man was reading the paper. He got up when the officer entered.

"What 's your name?"

"Hedley, Sir."

"Well, Hedley, why the hell don't you keep the boiler going?"

"Ain't it all right, then?"

"No, it is not all right. Where did we get you from?"

"Labour Exchange, Sir."

"Well, keep the home fires burning or there 'll be an exchange of labour right here."

"Very good, Sir."

Stoker Hedley unfolded his paper as the officer hurried back to lunch, and proceeded with the letter he had been reading under its cover. It was addressed to Mr. G. Hedley, c/o. Mrs. Fall, Rose Cottage, Shamley, Lincs." But in this envelope was

[*Continued overleaf.*

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN EVERARD.

"SPARE A COPPER" STAR IN CORDUROY.

DOROTHY HYSON, *who is starring with George Formby in* "SPARE A COPPER," *new Michael Balcon picture due at the New Gallery last Sunday, March 16, looks very sweet and serious in this great big armchair with Renaissance-style carved arms and back. The neat and becoming corduroy turban which she wears is relieved by jewelled clips, and there's a very 1941 watch brooch pinned on to her plainly cut corduroy coat.* "*Spare a Copper*" *introduces George Formby as a War Reserve Policeman.*

Continued.]
another envelope addressed to "Marcel Bürger, Esq., Snaggs Accessories, 156, Essex Road, N.1," and in the second envelope was the following letter, headed "Passport Office." "With reference to your application for Exit Permit to travel to Switzerland, you are informed that on receipt of a shipping coupon (see para. vii. of enclosed notice) the desired Permit may now be granted." The forwarder of this letter had attached a coupon stating that Marcel Bürger, of 156, Essex Road, N.1, had applied and paid for a ticket by air to Lisbon and was now awaiting a vacancy in the service.

Stoker Hedley replaced this correspondence in the pocket inside his waistcoat with an air of satisfaction. He then took a crumpled daily paper from his overcoat pocket and unrolled from it an annotated plan of a piece of apparatus. Looking at the ceiling and stroking his close-cut fair hair, he started murmuring figures that he had apparently committed to memory and, as he murmured, he checked his memory with the plan. "Angle of incidence, forty-two, *zweiundvierzig*; *kugelstrom um dreihundert yards, drei kumma nul nul vier. . . .*"

It was not until the tramp of feet above showed that lunch was ended that the stoker arose to shovel coal on the waning furnace. After the last shovelful he threw in a crumpled sheet of paper, watched it burn, and closed the draught doors.

"At last, Melrose," said Squadron Leader May a fortnight later. "These radiators are really decently hot."

"Yes, Sir. I 've got a new man."

"Good."

"The other was a decent chap, but bone lazy. Always mooning over the papers. So when he was caught pinching cigars from Marshall's office I was glad of a reason to get rid of him."

"There 's plenty of employment nowadays. I expect he 'll be okay."

He was "okay." He was getting into a taxi outside 156, Essex Road, N.1.

"Airway terminus, Victoria," he said to the driver. His friend and co-director of Snaggs Accessories, a slightly shorter man with a cast in one eye, helped him with his modest luggage and got in with him.

"Seen the evening paper?" asked the latter, handing him a copy, and indicating a column with his thumb.

Marcel Bürger read—

BRITAIN'S SECRET WEAPON.

BEATING THE TERROR THAT FLIES BY NIGHT.

When shall we see the long-promised defeat of the night-bomber? This question was answered yesterday by an Air Ministry spokesman, who told our correspondent that within a few months, or even weeks, the flying Huns are likely to receive a nasty surprise.

Secret Training Camps

The Air Ministry is satisfied that the Royal Air Force will shortly be equipped for night operations on a scale hitherto undreamed of.

At several secret and closely-guarded training camps in England and Scotland large numbers of our finest pilots are already in training with this new equipment.

May Affect Air Power Balance.

"I cannot say more at present," said the spokesman, a high officer in the R.A.F., "nor would it be in the public interest to do so. But I can go so far as to say that this latest product of our research departments will not only help protect you by night but may well have a far-reaching effect on the balance of air power in general."

"Excellent," said the Swiss business man. "I hope the secret is closely guarded."

"You had better not mention it at home," said his compatriot.

"Not a word."

When the taxi was paid off at Airways House, the two Swiss made their simple farewells. A handclasp, a murmured "*Heil Hitler!*", and Bürger, lately Stoker Hedley, entered the austere magnificence of the Airway headquarters. But his departure was not to be *sans gêne*.

"Mr. Bürger?" enquired one of two men as his luggage was being weighed.

"Yes."

"Is this your luggage?"

"Yes."

"Follow us, please."

Bürger walked into a well-warmed room where sat a detective inspector and a port control officer of the Field Security Corps. Ninety minutes later he emerged.

"Not at all, not at all," he said, smiling blandly. "War is war. After all, it does one good to get the air to one's skin, *n'est-ce pas*? How different you English are from the Germans! You have supplied me with new valises, instead of leaving me to wrap my things in brown paper, as they did at Aachen once."

"I will run you to the airfield: we have two hours," said the Army officer, rather shortly.

"You are too kind."

And in another ninety minutes Bürger was sitting in the saloon of the flying-boat, with the diplomats, the welfare workers, the Government buyers and the Clipper passengers. These people composed themselves in different ways for the journey. The Swiss business man lay back in his chair and, gazing at the ceiling and stroking his thick, dark hair, appeared to be murmuring figures to himself with an air of great satisfaction.

It was over the Atlantic that the Heinkel appeared and swooped fiercely on the civilian aircraft. The Airways pilot went into a sharp dive, but he was still twelve hundred feet up when tracers entered his fuel-tank. . . .

"Turn on the news, George," said the publican to his son. Conversation ceased for a few minutes as the synopsis was read: a national socialist leader in Peru had been arrested and his offices searched; an increase in the butter ration was forecast; and so on.

"Try Haw-Haw: the truth is so dull," said one of the Air Force officers in the corner.

". . . And of course, while British workers stimulate their empty stomachs with two ounces of tea a week, the duchesses are nevertheless able to buy a pound of porterhouse steak daily for their Pekinese dogs. . . . The German High Command announces a successful attack by a lone fighter on an important British air unit in the Bay of Biscay. After a fierce fight, the single pilot of the German machine saw his powerful opponent, carrying a crew of six, dive in flames to the sea. . . . Why do the peerage not pay their tailors' bills? Do they think . . ."

"Oh, turn him off. He 's not been on form lately," said another R.A.F. officer, and George complied once again. Conversation resumed, and the flyers in the corner proceeded with their quiet celebration of the end of their special course.

In a few weeks they would be in action with that magnificent new weapon that had fired all their enthusiasm and would soon fire so many enemy nightbirds. . . . [THE END.

"WHITAKER'S ALMANACK, 1941."

The story of the 1941 Whitaker, which is now on sale, is topical, exciting and typical of our times. First, publication of the new edition, with all the alterations necessitated by the war, was postponed until December 31 instead of its usual, earlier date, because bombs blasted the printers while the book was being machined; and then, on December 29, the home from which the famous work of reference had been issued for nearly three-quarters of a century was burnt in the second Fire of London, together with all the orders and many records. Fortunately, deliveries were late; no copies were in the building, but though every copy had been sold, the loss of the records prevented it being known to whom! However, the firemen, five days later, succeeded in salvaging the ledgers from the safe, and by this stroke of good fortune Whitaker's has now appeared. The edition is the 73rd annual volume, and, as usual, "Whitaker" can answer practically every question on topical events, civic organisation, British or Dominion institutions, foreign countries, and so forth. It is the Encyclopædia of modern life in miniature and provides information on practically every point which the modern man or woman wants to obtain. It is priced, as usual, at 15s. the Library Edition, 10s. the Complete Edition; the abridged edition, in paper cover, 5s.

In our issue of March 5 we published a photograph of Count Czernin, D.F.C., leaving Buckingham Palace after the Investiture with his wife and mother. In our caption these ladies were incorrectly described as his wife and daughter.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This Periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

CLARK GABLE, CHARLES LAUGHTON, CAROLE LOMBARD *and* FRANK MORGAN *are members of this group at the Hollywood Greek Relief Broadcast.*

TYRONE POWER, ROBERT TAYLOR, BARBARA STANWYCK, *and* MELVYN DOUGLAS *snapped doing their stuff before the "mike."*

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, MYRNA LOY *and* TYRONE POWER *having a little joke together.*

MICKEY ROONEY *and* LEWIS STONE *discussing the programme with* SHIRLEY TEMPLE.

HOLLYWOOD CALLING—TO AID THE FIGHTING GREEKS.

The stars—of Hollywood, at least—are heart and soul with the Allied Cause, as may be seen from these photographs of famous picture people of Hollywood who recently got together to do a notable GREEK RELIEF BROADCAST.

A good laugh! CLARK GABLE, CHARLES LAUGHTON, CAROLE LOMBARD, MELVYN DOUGLAS *and* MYRNA LOY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER PAAL.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

QUIET WEDDING

PRACTICAL BEAUTY NEWS

FOR a wartime wedding, or indeed for any special occasion, Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have planned the model above. In a fine bouclé material, it has a short cape trimmed with American opossum and can be copied in several shades, including turquoise and a soft honey colour. Darts above the waist give a slim line to the dress, which has unpressed pleats in the skirt. In the same department there is a practical collection of suits. Some, for the country, are in boldly checked tweeds; others, for town, in stripes or bird's-eye checks, pointed with arrow-heads.

NOW that creams and lotions are difficult to obtain, women will welcome a soap that not only cleanses, but actually benefits the skin. Yardley's new Complexion Soap works into a rich lather that absorbs all the dirt of the day. It costs 1s. 5d. a tablet, made in a concave square to fit the palm and save congealing, and can be perfumed with either their "Orchis" or "April Violets."

BREAST SUPPORTER

For small figures only, in white fine material, 19/6. White material. For drooping, heavy figures, 42/6. Loose Breasts, 38/6. Pink Silk or Net Detachable Straps from 52/6. Very low back model, 63/-.

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

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WOMEN NEED AND MUST WEAR JOUJOU SUPPORTER. GIVES IMMEDIATE UPLIFT, RELIEVES PAIN, INFLAMMATION, REDUCES LARGE AND HEAVY BREASTS. ALSO AN IDEAL SUPPORT FOR MATERNITY AND NURSING MOTHERS. PREVENTS DRAGGING, MILK CLOITING MUST BE WORN DAY AND NIGHT TO ASSURE NO DISEASE AFTER CONFINEMENT. Also designed FOR AMPUTATION. *Prices on application.*

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Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army. Please remember the work it is doing—and help !

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101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE SALVATION ARMY

Smee's

The Tailored Ensemble

In soft angora tweed; the simple straight frock has strappings of the material outlining the waist, and the skirt is slightly gored; semi-fitting coat with high small revers.

Made to order **25** gns.

(Catalogue sent on request.)

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Designed Exclusively for the Fuller Figure

A smart braided Boucle Coat for early Spring wear. Specially designed for the fuller figure, with neckline which can be worn open equally as well. In black, navy or brown.
Hip sizes 44 to 50 ins. **6** gns.

There are many other smart styles in the Full Size Salon—Third Floor.

Swan & Edgar

Piccadilly Circus, W.1

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"LET 'S have it and get it over, I say. We 'd all like to be put out of our Budget suspense as soon as possible. At least, I know I would, and there must be many other humble individuals like me."

"You will know quite soon enough," The Jobber assured him. "Never trouble taxes till taxes trouble you. And whatever happens, it won't be for the good of the Stock Exchange or its clients."

"That remains to be seen. The effect will be so general that you won't find prices of stocks and shares suffer to the tune that some of you seem to expect."

"We hope you 're right, my boy. How about tobacco and beer and luxuries ? Don't you see a fall in the Tobacco shares ? In Courtaulds ? In the brewery market ? "

"Not necessarily. They 've come down already, and I don't suppose the holders will sell their shares even if taxation should be increased. That 's how I look at it, anyway."

"City Editors are supposed to be in the know," The Engineer remarked pointedly.

The City Editor at once disclaimed any real information.

"We work out forecasts from the official returns," he explained. "Anybody can do that. Whatever inside foreknowledge you credit us with is a myth."

"Then if the Budget isn't going to make much difference to Stock Exchange prices——" said The Merchant enquiringly.

"We might even have them better on it," The Broker boldly affirmed.

"That 's absurd ! Mere special pleading. You say things like that for the sake of being contrairy, as the kids have it."

"I deny the allegation and I defy the allegator——"

"That 's old enough for the B.B.C."

"They make books in the Stock Exchange on who will be the B.B.C. announcer of the one-o'clock news," The Jobber interpolated. "I won three bob on Bruce Belfrage the other day. But I lost it over Frank Phillips."

"Money—any amount of it—for weeks past has been holding back, and accumulating," The Broker pursued, "because of Budget uncertainties ; because of Bulgaria ; because of the reorganisation of industries. Sooner or later, that money has to turn towards our markets. And there 's no stock about."

"Your idea is that the big demand will come when the Budget suspense is over ? "

"Unless the war news should be definitely unfavourable."

"We sentence you to twenty-eight days' solitary confinement for suggesting such a thing," said The Engineer. "That means you lose the month's pay as well."

"Yes, and his wife and family lose the month's allowances, too. When his missus goes to draw her money, the girl at the Post Office will simply say there 's nothing to come. That 's the first the woman hears about it. Seems very hard on her and the kids."

"You mustn't criticise Army methods, old son. When Brokie is doing his twenty-eight days, he may find time to consider the matter."

"I shall have to consider how my missus can make up for the loss of her allowance due to my crime, shan't I ? "

"It might be Prudential to buy her a few of the Company's 'B' shares. She will get five guineas per cent. on her money——"

"I thought the Prudential dividend was disappointing ? "

"On the 'A' shares it was. The 'B' came off better, to my mind, and they 're safe as houses. One pound shares : four shillings paid."

"Sixteen shillings liability, eh ? Not for the widow and orphan."

"Good enough for the man who can afford to take a business risk. But the lady—well, perhaps she might be better off with Courtaulds. They return $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent."

"Which is higher than I ever remember Courtaulds to yield in all their history. I don't believe the dividend would have been put up from seven per cent. to eight per cent. unless Courtaulds' directors saw their way to continue the increase."

"Barkers did well to repeat their ten-per-cent. dividend, didn't they ? It surprised me, I must confess," said The City Editor.

"Some boards argue that, in times like these, it 's only fair that their shareholders should be paid as high a dividend as is justified by safety. And other boards are equally keen on what you might call an ultra-conservative policy in the way of distributing profits."

"Living expenses are pretty high just now," The Merchant observed. "It 's true that the housekeeper can't spend much on meat, but she has to pay so stiffly for the alternatives, fish and poultry and what not, that she must have a hard job to make both ends meet without extra money."

"Which infers that we all want investments to give us a living rate of interest on what little money we can spare from subscriptions to the war borrowing."

"You 'd almost think that shares would go down where the yield is nothing very great. But they don't, and that," The Broker continued, "is the funny part about our markets."

"There must be a good many things that are too high," The Engineer assumed.

"You 'd say so if the holders came in to sell ; but, as they don't, it 's obvious that prices are not over-valued, even if they look it. When you have finished your sentence, Brokie——"

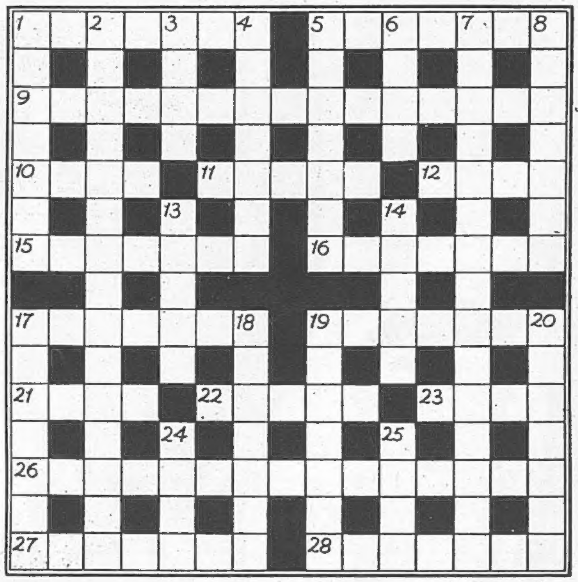
"Why don't you finish yours ? " retorted the defaulter. "And I was reading only the other day that Napoleon, soon after he got his commission, was thrown into prison by the French Government because he was friendly with a lot of scallywags like you."

"And he escaped ? "

"No, Sergeant. The French Government, my trusty Home Guards, wanted a good officer. So they sent and released Bonaparte. Therefore, you can safely go Nap. on me ; see ? Cheerio, chaps ! Don't be late at my court-martial ! "

Friday, March 14, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



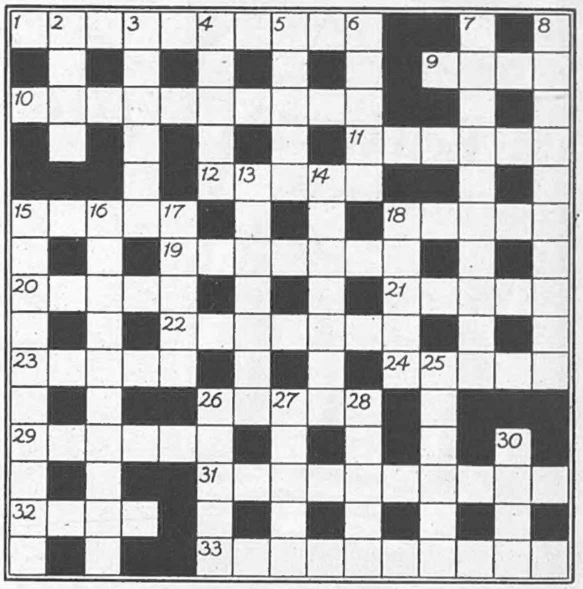
ACROSS.

1. Burn the scholar within (7).
5. Clusters (7).
9. Between Shepherds Bush and Hyde Park Corner (three words ; 7, 4, 4).
10. "The ——— of to-day 's all right" (4).
11. Palindromic form of address (5).
12. Check (4).
15. Wearing away (7).
16. This from weakness and your *vis-à-vis* will gather something (7).
17. You are dealing with one of these now (7).
19. Did the noble gentleman who bore this name have a hand in the formation of limited companies ? (7).
21. This may take you to market or land you in a hole (4).
22. One of the newer English cathedrals (5).
23. Look equal (4).
26. Without plan or design (15).
27. Barcelona did not prove this indefinitely (7).
28. Those who have gate this are seldom welcome (7).

DOWN.

1. Finally beware the hollow (7).
2. "Mix zone ope trait" (anag. ; 15).
3. Goddess when upset becomes greedy (4).
4. Make a deep impression but insufficient for this twice-beheaded (7).
5. This fellow is presumably disguised by the outfit he wears in the orchestra (7).
6. River (4).
7. If you have happiness and these you have little to complain about (three words ; 6, 3, 6).
8. Epithet for several types of pudding (7).
13. These over the eyes prevent the enjoyment of these (5).
14. Examination (5).
17. "Ten ruts" (anag. ; 7).
18. Peculiar combination of actors and sailors (7).
19. This passion might be described as a burning of the heart (7).
20. Epithet for Bo-peep's sheep ? (7).
24. Fit for the ash-tray (4).
25. Palindromic lady from the East (4).

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. Land Army (that 's what they do) (two words ; 5, 5).
9. Am up when back (4).
10. This kind of fight isn't necessarily between one workman and another (three words ; 4 hyphen 2 hyphen 4).
11. Needn't be last. Stick it out ! (6).
12. Surely these vessels can't be mine ? (5).
15. Has me all tied up (5).
18. If you behead this fish you won't find it in so shallow a stream (5).
19. Striking reason for writing on the floor ? (7).
20. Valued in trade (5).
21. Scene of high life (5).
22. No good and don't employ so much (7).
23. Her charges are quite small (5).
24. Nails that have a sense of duty ? (5).
26. Fly in pieces (5).
29. You creep about on it (6).
31. Tear Gounod from sheer goodness of heart (two words ; 4, 6).
32. No. 23 Across may be one (4).
33. Might be crudest rot : anyhow, that 's what goes into it (10).

DOWN.

2. You may follow it at your leisure : it won't move an inch (4).
3. Ancient (if early) Mariner in Lancashire (6).
4. Out of date, perhaps (5).
5. How silly Annie can be ! (5).
6. Held by the merry (5).
7. "The Shape of Things to Come" ? (10).
8. To be hungry and bolts black hair (two words ; 5, 5).
13. Famous French painter (7).
14. Masseurs for the extremities only ? (7).
15. What a watch contains and gives in season (two words ; 6, 4).
16. Being like you and me might make Noah torpid (10).
17. Invest, though it hints at your finish (5).
18. Evidently someone you much dislike (5).
25. Wants an ant to put it on the other side of the world (6).
26. Ask the present age, by Jove ! (5).
27. Birds moving in four directions only (5).
28. Utterer of notes (5).
30. Evidence that it takes three to make a riot (4).

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCXCI.

ON KEEPING THE PLAY AT NO-TRUMPS IN THE RIGHT HAND.

THE theory of no-trumps is governed by two highly important principles. The first of these is, that if the final contract is in no-trumps, then the right hand should play it. (The *right* hand here means the strong hand.) It is obviously detrimental to the play of a no-trumper to have the strong hand exposed on the table and the weak hand held up. Here re-qualify the *strong* hand as the one containing tenaces—ace-queens, king-knaves, queen-tens, and so on. Such a hand led *through* instead of *up to* is bound to result in loss of tricks—at times many tricks. In short, a strong hand playing no-trumps will often fulfil a contract that would be down two, if not three, tricks, if the same hand were the dummy. Now, up to a little time ago, our experts, authorities and writers of text-books, don't seem to have heard of this principle; or, if they had, they kept strangely quiet about it; not alone that, but in many cases they proposed and advocated sundry conventions and systems, whose very basic principle is in direct opposition to this theory of no-trumps! As a simple example, let us take the "Barton Club" system. The strong hand opens with one club, and responder with an ace and little else is *compelled* to reply one no-trump. Thus, should the hand be played in no-trumps (and this happens continually), the play is automatically thrown into the wrong hand! The same result follows many other conventional bidding situations.

The second important principle in the theory of no trumps is that, nine times out of ten, it is better to play a hand in a good suit than in no-trumps. This principle, which dates back to the days of auction, is 100 per cent. sound, and our experts, etc., very properly have made a big point of this more or less self-evident fact. But as our experts, etc., are unable (or were unable, anyhow) to concentrate on anything but the bidding at contract, they decided that the *play* of a hand, of course, included the *bidding* of the hand; in other words, they entirely overlooked the difference between *bidding* no-trumps and *playing the hand* in no-trumps. But as a fact, many a hand which contains a good biddable suit should, none the less, open with one no-trump, although, of course, it eventually may be played in a suit; the opening no-trump bid is just keeping in step with the other principle of no-trumps—it ensures the play being in the *right* hand should it by chance become necessary to play the hand in no-trumps. If, on the other hand, you blindly follow expert advice and open the bidding with your suit, and the final contract is in no-trumps, it is pounds to shillings that the wrong player will be declarer—*i.e.*, the weaker hand. It is for these reasons, as I said last week, that the experts and authorities may be partially responsible for bringing discredit on no-trump play. If their systems and conventions force the play into the wrong hand, and that shows bad results, something must be done about it. A little hedging is necessary—a few words to the effect, "Only in exceptional circumstances should a hand be played in no-trumps," is an easy way out of the difficulty.

Here are all four hands of the playing problem given on February 26—

	SPADES—7, 6. CLUBS—A, Kn, 5, 2. HEARTS—A, 10, 9, 6. DIAMONDS—Kn, 3, 2. N	
SPADES—A, Q, 10, 2. HEARTS—4, 3. CLUBS—10, 8, 7, 3. DIAMONDS—K, 8, 5.	W E	SPADES—8, 5, 4, 3. HEARTS—K, Q, 8, 5. CLUBS—9, 6, 4. DIAMONDS—9, 7.
	S SPADES—K, Kn, 9. CLUBS—K, Q. HEARTS—Kn, 7, 2. DIAMONDS—A, Q, 10, 6, 4.	

The contract is three no-trumps. West led the four of hearts; East took with the queen and returned the three of spades; South covered with the nine, and West took and led the three of hearts. How should South play? This is an example of not assuming that your opponent is playing cast-iron bridge—*i.e.*, playing according to the book. The opening lead looks like the fourth best in hearts, but when West goes on with the three, it should be clear to South that West has opened a short suit. Now South's danger is another spade lead through his king, knave. He should therefore take this heart trick with dummy's ace, and immediately exploit diamonds, when, no matter what happens, South has eight certain tricks, and a very good end play for the ninth. Had South passed up the second heart, he would have been three down. This hand is taken from *The Bridge World*.

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, MARCH 12.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—6. Short and sweet. 7. Proffer. 10. Clank. 11. Femoral. 12. Robot. 13. Catspaw. 14. Stool. 15. Revered. 18. Cross. 19. Doleful. 20. Winged victory.

DOWN.—1. The road to ruin. 2. Gruff. 3. Harem. 4. Swallow. 5. Be on your guard. 8. Females. 9. Roasted. 10. Caramel. 13. Corsage. 16. Robin. 17. Death.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Plover. 4. Jew's harp. 9. Yellow. 10. Disaster. 11. Candid. 15. Pinero. 16. Oration. 17. Litany. 18. Scaring. 22. Terror. 25. Planter. 26. Portal. 27. Ranged. 29. Reaction. 30. Finale. 32. The Blues. 33. Amulet.

DOWN.—1. Pay a call. 2. Owl. 3. Emotions. 5. Evil. 6. Spavin. 7. Anthem. 8. Pardon. 12. Nuts. 13. Dry cell. 14. Staring. 15. Pointer. 19. Geranium. 20. Brag. 21. Gradient. 23. Spirit. 24. Crease. 25. Pastel. 28. Bore. 31. All.

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"Bunkers": By W. E. Johns. "Two and a Dog": By R. Jackson.
"Anne Furbishes Up Her Brain": By Barbara Cartland.
"The Black Prince and The Fair Maid of Kent." By F. Mantania, R.I.
"The Land of the Ethiopian": By Harold J. Shepstone.
British History in Stone—3: Sir Christopher Wren.
Books: Reviewed by Noel Thompson.

The menfolk can be sure of finding well-informed articles of topical interest ..."Commodore of Convoys" is a typical example in the March issue.

BRITANNIA AND EVE

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